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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go ;

Or when the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ;

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
" Come, be a child once more !"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar :

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapour soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again;
Low lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings."

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below."

- “ There is a forest, where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.
- “ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past !
We can return no more !’
- “ Look, then, into thine heart, and write !
Yes, into life’s deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.”
-

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

- I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !
- I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o’er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.
- I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet’s rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
 THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have naught that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have naught but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child,

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ? -
O no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
'f I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sun-light shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues ;
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING
YEAR.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
“ Caw ! caw ! ” the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing : “ Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray ! ”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray
Loveth that ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice, gentle and low,
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from his breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul, could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

BALLADS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

[The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous, a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Memoires de la Societe Royal des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838 1839, says :—

“There is no mistaking, in this instance, the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the west and north of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon, and sometimes Norman architecture.

“On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier, rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, that THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the sub-structure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same time may be referred the

windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columnus. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that is nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse!
 For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon ;

And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!

When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

" There lived we many years ;
 Time dried the maiden's tears ;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies ;
 Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

" Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen !
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear ;
 O, death was grateful !

" Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended ;
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland ! *Skool!* " 1
 —Thus the tale is ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe ⁱⁿ his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
'Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ? ”
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ? ”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
 Had dropped her silver bow
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
 When, sleeping in the grove,
 He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
 Nor voice, nor sound betrays
 Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
 In silence and alone,
 To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
 And kisses the closed eyes
 Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes !
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
 Are fraught with fear and pain,
 Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings :
 And whispers, in its song,
 “ Where hast thou stayed so long ? ”

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay Pájaros en los nidos de Antano.

Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life; alas, no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends with joy my soul remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou silent river !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hypocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
The wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
 Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
 Our portion of the weight of care,
 That crushes into dumb despair
 One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
 The battle of our life is brief,
 The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
 Then sleep we side by side.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
 Of Jericho in darkness waits;
 He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
 Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
 And calls, in tones of agony,
 Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησον με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
 Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
 But still, above the noisy crowd,
 The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
 Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
 Θάρσει ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
 The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"

And he replies, "O give me light!
 Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
 And Jesus answers, "Υπαγε·
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκε σε!"

Ye that have eyes, and cannot see,
 In darkness and in misery,
 Recall those mighty Voices Thrice,
 Ἰησοῦ, ἐλίησόν με!
 Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκί σε!

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orb a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
 Beautiful to thee must seem,
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
 When bright angels in thy vision
 Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not to pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried, in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast
the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chim-
neys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished,
ghostlike, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only, seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,²—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended,³ knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;⁴

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary,⁵ hunting with her hawk
and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke
slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the
Spurs of Gold ;⁶

Saw the fight at Minnewater,⁷ saw the White
Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.⁸

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land
with terror smote ;
And again the loud alarum sounded from the toc-
sin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and
dike of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in
the land ! "

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before
I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illuminated square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they ;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

" Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh,

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then
cease!
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad
meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg,
the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town
of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks
that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors,
rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying,
centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in
their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand
through every clime.⁹

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many
an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden, planted by Queen Cuni-
gunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old
heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximi-
lian's praise.¹⁰

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous
world of Art,—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing
in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops
carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our
own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined
his holy dust,¹¹
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from
age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of
sculpture rare,¹²
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through
the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple,
reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evan-
gelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with
busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the
Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone
where he lies ;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist
never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine
seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once
has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these
obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude
poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to
the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts
the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the
mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the
anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes
the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of
the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, laureate of the
gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,¹³ in huge
folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely
sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above
the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Pusch-
man's song,¹⁴
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great
beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown
his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's
antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my
dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a
faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee
the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs,
thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer, from a region
far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in
thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a
floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.—THIERRY: *Conquête de l'Angleterre*.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee.

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

“Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!”

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
“Miserere, Domine!”

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, “Amen!”

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan Skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragments of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour
That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

L' ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, " Be of good cheer !"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where death encamps !

EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written, for the most part, during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names, and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together, in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year ;
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings ;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings,
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious isle.

Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

" Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are free !
Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

" Take thy banner ! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldst be spared !

" Take thy banner !—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,

If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—

The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung;
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown; and on her
check
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us,—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down

The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone ; -
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by its native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,

With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at liberty and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the temple of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

MASINGER.

[THE following Poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October [1842.] I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,

Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side,
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried ;
To John in Patmos, " Write ! "

Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse !

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night, he followed their flight,
O'er the plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay.
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT BE
TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls,
With praise, and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

Long since, beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay !
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
In bulrush and in brake ;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched, in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
Great scars deformed his face ;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!
He, a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks *his* dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves!
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry, from unknown graves,
" We are the Witnesses !

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored, with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half-curious, half-amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore, save a kirtle gay,
And her own long raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile,
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights, in some cathedral aisle,
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren—the farm is old,"
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak,
He took the glittering gold !
'Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at last fled forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Sampson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of
steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.

[The subject of the following Play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gipsy girl, and the name of the heroine, *Preciosa*. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solis y Rivadeneira, in *La Gitanilla de Madrid*.

The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English gentleman of the seventeenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gipsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Dona Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, *La Fuerza de la Sangre*.

The reader who is acquainted with *La Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solis, and Middleton, will perceive that my treatment of the subject differs entirely from theirs.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN,	}	<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO,	}			
THE COUNT OF LARA,	}	...		<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS,				
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.				
A CARDINAL.				
BELTRAN CRUZADO,		...		<i>Count of the Gipsies.</i>
BARTOLOME ROMAN,		...		<i>A young Gipsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARAMA.				
PEDRO CRESPO,		<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO,	<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO,		<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA,	<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR,		<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA,		<i>A Gipsy Girl.</i>
ANGELICA,		<i>A poor girl.</i>
MARTINA,	<i>The Padre Cura's niece.</i>
DOLORES,	<i>Preciosa's maid.</i>

Gipsies, Musicians, &c.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

LARA.—You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;

How happened it?

DON CARLOS.—I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

LARA.—Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Dona Sol,
And Dona Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS.—What was the play?

LARA.—It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says,¹⁵ the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of
Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and
saying,

“O, I am dead!” a lover in a closet,

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Dona Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!
DON CARLOS.—Of course the Preciosa danced to-
night?

LARA.—And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS.—Almost beyond the privilege of
woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beauteous as a saint's in Paradise.

LARA.—May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

DON CARLOS.— Why do you ask?

LARA.—Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

DON CARLOS.—You do her wrong; indeed you do
her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA.—How credulous you are! Why, look you,
friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade
me

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

DON CARLOS.—

You forget

She is a Gipsy girl.

LARA.—

And therefore won

The easier.

DON CARLOS.— Nay, not to be won at all!
 The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes
 Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
 Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
 A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
 Whose craft was to betray the young and fair:
 And yet this woman was above all bribes.
 And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty.
 The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
 Offered her gold to be what she made others,
 She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
 And smote him in the face!

LARA.— And does that prove
 That Preciosa is above suspicion?

DON CARLOS.—It proves a nobleman may be re-
 pulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
 That woman, in her deepest degradation,
 Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
 Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
 And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
 Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

LARA.—Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

DON CARLOS (*rising*).—I do not think so.

LARA.— I am sure of it.
 But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,
 And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

DON CARLOS.—'Tis late. I must begone, for if I
 stay

You will not be persuaded.

LARA.— Yes; persuade me.

DON CARLOS.—No one so deaf as he who will not
 hear!

LARA.—No one so blind as he who will not see!

DON CARLOS.—And so good-night. I wish you
 pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman! [*Exit.*]

LARA.— Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe
 Victoriano is her lover. I believe

spond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.—Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—Why so?

CHISPA.—Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the Tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—An Arragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—No, your honour.

CHISPA.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Moon of the summer night!
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

VICTORIAN.—Poor little dove! Thou tremblest
 like a leaf.

PRECIOSA.—I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I
 tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
 Did no one see thee?

VICTORIAN.—None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA.—'Tis very dangerous; and when thou
 art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here
 Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou
 been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICTORIAN.—Since yesterday, I've been in Alcalá.
 Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
 When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
 And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
 To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

PRECIOSA.—An honest thief, to steal but what thou
 givest.

VICTORIAN.—And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to
tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

PRECIOSA.—That were a life indeed to make time
envious!

I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN.— Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired

And garmented in beauty, as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

PRECIOSA.—Am I not always fair?

VICTORIAN.— Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA.— I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

VICTORIAN.—There's nothing fair nor beautiful,
but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

PRECIOSA.—And yet thou leavest me for those
dusty books.

VICTORIAN.—Thou comest between me and those
books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA.— In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN.— And with whom, I pray?

PRECIOSA.—A grave and reverend Cardinal, and
his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN.— What mad jest

Is this?

PRECIOSA.—It is no jest; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN.—Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA.— Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN.—I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA.— Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Arch-
bishop
Has sent for me —

VICTORIAN.— That thou may'st dance before
them!

Now viva la eachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

PRECIOSA.— Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN.—The sweetest beggar that e'er asked
for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw
thee

I gave my heart away!

PRECIOSA.— Dost thou remember
When first we met?

VICTORIAN.— It was at Córdoba,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange trees beside a fountain.

PRECIOSA.—'Twas Easter Sunday. The full-blos-
somed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ
sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

VICTORIAN.—Thou blessed angel!

PRECIOSA.— And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak

ACT I. SCENE III.

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
 Compare me with the great men of the earth;
 What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
 But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
 The world of the affections is thy world,
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
 But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp
 As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PRECIOSA.—Yes, that I love thee, as the good love
 heaven,
 But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
 How shall I more deserve it?

VICTORIAN.— Loving more.

PRECIOSA.—I cannot love thee more; my heart is
 full.

VICTORIAN.—Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
 As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
 Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,
 And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*).— Ave Maria
 Purissima! 'Tis midnight, and serene!

VICTORIAN.—Hearst thou that cry?

PRECIOSA.— It is a hateful sound,
 To scare thee from me!

VICTORIAN.— As the hunter's horn
 Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
 The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA.— Pray, do not go!

VICTORIAN.—I must away to Alcalá to-night.
 Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA.— Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*).—And to remind thee
 of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

PRECIOSA.—It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN.—What convent of barefooted Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his mouth*).—Hush!
Hush!

Good-night! and may all holy angels guard
thee!

VICTORIAN.—Good-night! good-night! Thou art
my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

PRECIOSA.—Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art
thou safe?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*).—Safe as my love for
thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her handkerchief*).—Thou
silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

VICTORIAN.— And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips; as the soft wind
Wafts to the outbound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

PRECIOSA.—Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN.— To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-
night!

PRECIOSA.—Good-night!

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*).—Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.

*An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench.
Enter CHISPA.*

CHISPA.—And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. *Holá!* ancient Baltasar!

BALTASAR (*waking*).—Here I am.

CHISPA.—Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

BALTASAR.—Where is your master?

CHISPA.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

BALTASAR (*setting a light on the table*).—Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*).—Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

BALTASAR.—And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*).—Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of La Maucha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

BALTASAR.—I swear to you, by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA.—And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table cloth.

BALTASAR.—Ha! ha! ha!

CHISPA.—And more noise than nuts.

BALTASAR.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your

joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

CHISPA.—No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

BALTASAR.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

CHISPA.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

BALTASAR.—I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

CHISPA.—What! are you on fire too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*).—Chispa!

CHISPA.—Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

VICTORIAN.—Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA.—Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

VICTORIAN'S *chamber at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

HYPOLITO.—I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
 Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
 Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
 Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
 The candles have burned low; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,¹⁷

The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco! ¹⁸

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

VICTORIAN.—Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

HYPOLITO.—What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

VICTORIAN.—Come, shrive me straight; for, if love
be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO.— The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here,
my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN.—Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so
full

That I must speak.

HYPOLITO.— Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

VICTORIAN.—Nay, like the Sybil's volumes, thou
shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine to-
gether.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

HYPOLITO.—Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN.— Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO.— I know it.

VICTORIAN.— And I'm in love.

HYPOLITO.—And therefore in Madrid when thou
shouldst be
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN.— O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such
treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again; they were not meant for us.

HYPOLITO.—Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Dona Luisa,—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me,
lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary.

Ave! cujus calcem clare 19
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

VICTORIAN.—Pray, do not jest! This is no time
for it!

I am in earnest!

HYPOLITO.— Seriously enamoured?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamoured of a Gipsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

- VICTORIAN.— I mean it honestly.
HYPOLITO.—Surely thou wilt not marry her?
VICTORIAN.— Why not?
HYPOLITO.—She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.
VICTORIAN.— They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.
HYPOLITO.— But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her?
VICTORIAN.— In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.
HYPOLITO.—If thou wearst nothing else upon thy
forehead,
'Twill be indeed a wonder.
VICTORIAN.— Out upon thee,
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?
HYPOLITO.— Not much.
What, thinkst thou, is she doing at this mo-
ment;
Now, while we speak of her?
VICTORIAN.— She lies asleep,
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of
flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.
HYPOLITO.— Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!
VICTORIAN.—O, would I had the old magician's
glass,
To see her as she lies, in child-like sleep!

HYPOLITO.—And wouldst thou venture?

VICTORIAN.— Ay, indeed I would!

HYPOLITO.— Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

VICTORIAN.— Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,

That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,

In the same attitudes they now are in,

What fearful glances downward might we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life!

What groups should we behold about the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal poms, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

HYPOLITO.— Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,

Desertest for this Glauçè.

VICTORIAN.—

Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*).—And so, good-night! Good-morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of
Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day!

And so, once more, good-night! We'll speak
more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,

Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,

In all her loveliness. Good-night! *[Exit.*

VICTORIAN.—

Good-night!

But not to bed; for I must read a while.

*(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left,
and lays a large book open upon his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch

The changing colour of the waves that break

Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!

Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,

Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immortal?

Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake
grows,

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,

And make the mind prolific in its fancies?

I have the wish, but want the will to act!

Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words

Have come to light from the swift river of
Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms ye
bore?

From the barred visor of Antiquity

Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,

As from a mirror! All the means of action, —

The shapeless masses,—the materials.—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering
bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of
Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the
heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises,
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows ever-
more,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes, she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight, and alone.

Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom
at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ear my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA
and ANGELICA.

PRECIOSA.—Why will you go so soon? Stay yet
a while.

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a
sound

That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me
more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA.—The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA.—The Count of Lara? O, beware that
man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA.—You know him, then?

PRECIOSA.—As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a
blemish,
Beware of him!

ANGELICA.—Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of
kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

PRECIOSA.—Make me your friend. A girl so young
and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own
sex.

What is your name?

ANGELICA.—

Angelica.

PRECIOSA.—

That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant
smile

Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.

O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,

Whom chance has taken from the public
streets.

I have no other shield than mine own virtue.

That is the charm which has protected me!

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

ANGELICA (*rising*).—I thank you for this counsel,
dearest lady.

PRECIOSA.—Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA.—

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA.—Pray, do not go. I have much more
to say.

ANGELICA.— My mother is alone. I dare not leave
her.

PRECIOSA.—Some other time, then, when we meet
again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA.—

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA.—No thanks. To-morrow come to me
again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

ANGELICA.—O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

PRECIOSA.— I deserve no thanks

Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA.— Both Heaven and you.

PRECIOSA.— Farewell!

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

ANGELICA.—I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. [Exit.]

PRECIOSA.— May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquina,

My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.—Ave Maria!

PRECIOSA.— O God! my evil genius!

What seekst thou here to-day?

CRUZADO.— Thyself, my child!

PRECIOSA.—What is thy will with me?

CRUZADO.— Gold! gold!

PRECIOSA.—I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

CRUZADO.—The gold of the Busné²⁰—give me his gold!

PRECIOSA.—I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO.—That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA.— It is the truth.

CRUZADO.—Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

PRECIOSA.— To one

Who needs it more.

CRUZADO.— No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA.—Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO.— What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes ;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave ,
I, who am fed worse than the kenneled hound ;
I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
Not poor !

PRECIOSA.— Thou hast a stout heart and strong
hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants ; what wouldst
thou more ?

CRUZADO.—The gold of the 'Busné ! give me his
gold !

PRECIOSA.—Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for
all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times ;
Never denied thee ; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace !
Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,
Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO.— And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich
chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness ; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell ;
For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA.— What ! march again ?

CRUZADO.—Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded
town !

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more my-
self,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calès !²¹

PRECIOSA.—God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

CRUZADO.—Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román —

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).—O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

CRUZADO.— O child, child, child
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*]

PRECIOSA.— Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from
me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.

ARCHBISHOP.—Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
 In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
 By seasonable stop put here in Spain
 To bull-fights, and lewd dances on the stage.
 All this you know.

CARDINAL.— Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP.— And farther,
 That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
 The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL. I trust for ever.
 It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP.— A barbarous pastime,
 Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
 Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL.— Yet the people
 Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
 Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
 Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
 As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
 Among the Roman populace of old,
 So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
 Hence I would act advisedly herein;
 And therefore have induced your grace to see
 These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a servant.)

SERVANT.—The dancing-girl, and with her the
 musicians

Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

ARCHBISHOP.—Bid them come in. Now shall your
 eyes behold

In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
 The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She
 advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.)

CARDINAL (aside).—O what a fair and ministering
 angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman
fell!

PRECIOSA (*kneeling before the Archbishop*).—

I have obeyed the order of your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,

I proffer this excuse, and here beseech

Your holy benediction.

ARCHBISHOP.—

May God bless thee,

And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL (*aside*).—Her acts are modest, and her
words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

PRECIOSA.—

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL. That is a Gipsy name. Who is thy
father?

PRECIOSA.—Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP.—I have a dim remembrance of that
man;

He was a bold and reckless character,

A sunburnt Ishmael!

CARDINAL.—

Dost thou remember

Thy earlier days?

PRECIOSA.—

Yes; by the Darro's side

My childhood passed. I can remember still

The river, and the mountains capped with
snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand, and the
shepherd;

The march across the moor; the halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted

The forest where we slept; and farther back,

As in a dream, or in some former life,

Gardens and palace walls.

ARCHBISHOP.—

'Tis the Alhambra,

Under whose towers the Gipsy camp was
pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

PRECIOSA.—Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III

The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

DON CARLOS.—Holá! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO.—And a good-evening to my friend Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS.—Command me always.

HYPOLITO.—Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise? ²²

DON CARLOS.—I do.

But what of that?

HYPOLITO.—I am that wretched man.

DON CARLOS.—You mean to tell me yours have
risen empty?

HYPOLITO.—And Amen! said the Cid Campeador. ²³

DON CARLOS.—Pray, how much need you?

HYPOLITO.—Some half-dozen ounces.

Which, with due interest —

DON CARLOS *(giving his purse)*.—What, am I a Jew,

To put my moneys out at usury ?

Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO.— Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrilene ;
Perhaps a keepsake ?

DON CARLOS.— No ; 'tis at your service.

HYPOLITO.— Thank you again. Lie there, good
Saint Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me often
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS.— But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

HYPOLITO.— This moment.

DON CARLOS.— And pray, how fares the brave
Victorian ?

HYPOLITO.— Indifferent well ; that is to say, not
well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark roving eyes, as herdsimen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

DON CARLOS.— And is it faring ill
To be in love ?

HYPOLITO.— In this case very ill.

DON CARLOS.— Why so ?

HYPOLITO.— For many reasons. First and
foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal ;
A creature of his own imagination ;
A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts !²⁴

DON CARLOS.— A common thing with poets. But
who is

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance of his
thought.

Who is it ? Tell me.

HYPOLITO.— Well, it is a woman !

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
 He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her;
 As pious priests adorn some favourite saint
 With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
 One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
 And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll!

DON CARLOS.—Well, well! who is this doll?

HYPOLITO.—Why, who do you think?

DON CARLOS.—His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO.—Guess again.

To ease his labouring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

DON CARLOS.—I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

HYPOLITO.—Not I.

DON CARLOS.—Why not?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously*).—Why? Because
 Mari Franca²⁵

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

DON CARLOS.—Jesting aside, who is it?

HYPOLITO.—Preciosa.

DON CARLOS.—Impossible! The Count of Lara
 tells me

She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO.—Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,

Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS.—He comes this way.

HYPOLITO.—It has been truly said by some wise
 man,

That money, grief, and love, cannot be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

VICTORIAN.—Where'er thy step has passed is holy
 ground!

These groves are sacred!—I behold thee
 walking

Under these shadowy trees, where we have
walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from
thee,

And is for ever hallowed.

HYPOLITO.— Mark him well !

See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Com-
mander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

DON CARLOS.—What ho ! Victorian !

HYPOLITO.— Wilt thou sup with us ?

VICTORIAN.—Holá ! amigos ! Faith I did not see
you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

DON CARLOS.— At your service ever.

VICTORIAN.—How is that young and green-eyed
Gaditana

That you both wot of ?

DON CARLOS.— Ay, soft, emerald eyes !²⁶
She has gone back to Cadiz.

HYPOLITO.— *Ay de mi !*

VICTORIAN.—You are much to blame for letting
her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

HYPOLITO.— But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green ?

VICTORIAN.— Not a whit. Why so ?

HYPOLITO.— I think
The slightest shade of green would be be-
coming,

For thou art jealous.

VICTORIAN.— No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO.—Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.— Why ?

HYPOLITO.— Because thou art in love,
And they who are in love are always jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.—Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don
Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

HYPOLITO.—Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN.—Indeed!
Then he will have his labour for his pains.

HYPOLITO.—He does not think so, and Don Carlos
tells me

He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN.—How's this, Don Carlos?
DON CARLOS.—Some hints of it I heard from his
own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue.
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN.—Death and damnation!
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so farewell!

[Exit

HYPOLITO.—Now what a coil is here! The Aveng-
ing Child ²⁷

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,
And fifty fans that beckon me already.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

PRECIOSA'S chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.

PRECIOSA (*reads*).—

All are sleeping, weary heart! ²⁸
Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of a forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha!

LARA.— Senora, pardon me!

PRECIOSA.—How's this? Dolores!

LARA.— Pardon me —

PRECIOSA.— Dolores!

LARA.—Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold —

PRECIOSA (*turning her back upon him*).—You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

LARA.— My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'Tis for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation*).—
Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honour,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honour with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

LARA.— Be calm; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA.—Because you dare not.

LARA.— I dare anything!
'Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA.— If to this
I owe the honour of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having
spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA.—I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them ;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA.— There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

LARA.— Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA.— Alas !
I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired ; am visited by none.

LARA.— By none ?

O, then, indeed, you are much wronged !

PRECIOSA.— How mean you ?

LARA.—Nay, nay ; I will not wound your gentle
soul

By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA.— Speak out !

What are these idle tales ? You need not
spare me.

LARA.—I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me ;
This window, as I think, looks towards the
street,

And this into the Prado, does it not ?

In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—

You see the roof there just above the trees,—

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man

Climb to your chamber window. You are
silent !

I would not blame you, being young and fair—

*(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a
dagger from her bosom.)*

PRECIOSA.—Beware ! beware ! I am a Gipsy girl !

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer,
And I will strike!

LARA.— Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

PRECIOSA.— I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA.— Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unmasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

PRECIOSA.— Rise, Count of Lara! 'This is not the
place

For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty,
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

LARA.— O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA.— Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA.— Give me some sign of this,—the slightest
token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

PRECIOSA.— Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,

And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O, sir, such love
That seeks to harm me cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA.— I swear to you
I would not harm you ; I would only love you.
I would not take your honour, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace —

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*).—Hold ! hold ! This
is too much.

What means this outrage ?

LARA.— First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

VICTORIAN.—I too am noble, and you are no more !
Out of my sight !

LARA.— Are you the master here ?

VICTORIAN.—Ay, here and elsewhere, when the
wrong of others
Gives me the right !

PRECIOSA (*to Lara*).— Go ! I beseech you, go !

VICTORIAN.—I shall have business with you. Count,
anon !

LARA.—You cannot come too soon ! [Exit.

PRECIOSA.— Victorian !

O we have been betrayed !

VICTORIAN.— Ha ! ha ! betrayed !

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we !—not we !

PRECIOSA.—Dost thou imagine ——

VICTORIAN.— I imagine nothing ;

I see how 'tis thou whilst the time away

When I am gone !

PRECIOSA.— O speak not in that tone !

It wounds me deeply.

VICTORIAN.— 'Twas not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA.—Too well thou knowest the presence of
that man

Is hateful to me !

VICTORIAN.— Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

PRECIOSA.—I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN.— Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA.— Hadst thou heard all ——

VICTORIAN.—I heard enough.

PRECIOSA.— Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN.—I am not angry ; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA.—If thou wilt let me speak ——

VICTORIAN.— Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. 'Thou art false !

I do not like these Gipsy marriages !

Where is the ring I gave thee ?

PRECIOSA.— In my casket.

VICTORIAN.—There let it rest ! I would not have
thee wear it !

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !

PRECIOSA.—I call the Heavens to witness ——

VICTORIAN.— Nay, nay, nay !

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !

They are forsworn !

PRECIOSA.— Victorian ! dear Victorian !

VICTORIAN.—I gave up all for thee ; myself, my
fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
 And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
 Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
 And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
 Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him, and rushes out.)

PRECIOSA.—And this from thee!

(Scene close.)

SCENE V.

The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.

LARA.—There's nothing in this world so sweet as
 love,
 And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
 I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
 A silly girl, to play the prude with me.
 The fire that I have kindled——

(Enter FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco,
 What tidings from Don Juan?
 FRANCISCO.— Good, my lord;
 He will be present.

LARA.— And the Duke of Lermos?

FRANCISCO.— Was not at home.

LARA.— How with the rest?

FRANCISCO.— I've found
 The men you wanted. They will all be there,
 And at the given signal will raise a whirlwind
 Of such discordant noises, that the dance
 Must cease for lack of music.

LARA.— Bravely done.
 Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
 What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
 Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and
 sword. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and
HYPOLITO.*

VICTORIAN.—O shame ! O shame ! Why do I walk
abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, "Hide thyself !" O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the
knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness !
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are
windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every
face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me !

HYPOLITO.—Did I not caution thee ? Did I not
tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue ?

VICTORIAN.—And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning ;
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

HYPOLITO.—And therefore is she cursed, loving
him.

VICTORIAN.—She does not love him ! 'Tis for
gold ! for gold !

HYPOLITO.—Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN.—She had that ring from me. God !
she is false !

But I will be revenged ! The hour is past.
Where stays the coward ?

HYPOLITO.— Nay, he is no coward ;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords ; it is his pas-
time.

And therefore be not over-confident.
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

LARA.—Good-evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO.— Good-evening, Count.

LARA.—I trust I have not kept you long in waiting?

VICTORIAN.—Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

LARA.—I am.

HYPOLITO.— It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

VICTORIAN.— No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues
of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account?

LARA.—Strike! strike!

VICTORIAN.— You are disarmed. I will not
kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)

HYPOLITO.—Enough! let it end here! The Count
of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to
you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

LARA.—

I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

VICTORIAN.—Nay, something more than that.

LARA.—

I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known this girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed ; she has been
false

To both of us.

VICTORIAN.—

Ay, false as hell itself !

LARA.—In truth I did not seek her ; she sought
me ;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

VICTORIAN.—Say, can you prove this to me ? O,
pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into mad-
ness !

Let me know all ! all ! all !

LARA.—

You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco ?

FRANCISCO.— Ay, my lord.

LARA.—

If farther proof

Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

VICTORIAN.—Pray let me see that ring ! It is the
same !

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !

Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused !

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave
me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you,
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare-you-well!
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, fare-
well!

HYPOLITO.—Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

LARA.—Farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!
[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII.

*A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and
BARTOLOME.*

CRUZADO.—And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

BARTOLOME.—In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

CRUZADO.—And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

BARTOLOME.—There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO.—Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

BARTOLOME.—First tell me what keeps thee here?

CRUZADO.—Preciosa.

BARTOLOME.—And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

CRUZADO.—The two years are not past yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOME.—I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO.—That is nothing.

BARTOLOME.—I do not like it. I hate him—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO.—Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOME.—Meanwhile show me her house.

CRUZADO.—Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOME.—No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VIII.

The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sounds of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She fullers and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.

SCENE IX.

The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.

LARA.—So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

DON JUAN.— Did you mark, Don Luis,

How pale she looked when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

DON LUIS.— I pitied her.

LARA.—Her pride is humbled; and this very night I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN.— Will you serenade her?

LARA.—No music! no more music!

DON LUIS.— Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

LARA.— Not in the humour

She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN.—Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS.— Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LARA.—To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her
maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper, and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa!

(They rise and drink.)

ALL.— Preciosa!

LARA *(holding up his empty glass)*.—

Thou bright and flaming minister of love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion,

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! O never more henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more

A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(Dashes the goblet down.)

DON JUAN.— *Ite! missa est!*

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.

*Street and garden-wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and
BARTOLOME.*

CRUZADO.—This is the garden-wall, and above
it, yonder, is the house. The window in which

thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

BARTOLOME.—Why not?

CRUZADO.—Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOME.—No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his cursed serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good-night! Good-night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good-night! Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

CRUZADO.—They are not coming this way.

BARTOLOME.—Wait; they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love!
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

BARTOLOME.—Woe be to him if he comes this way!

CRUZADO.—Be quiet; they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;

For so many sisters
 Is there not one brother!
 Ay, for the partridge, mother!
 The cat has run away with the partridge!
 Puss! puss! puss!

BARTOLOME.—Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

LARA.—The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco, And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
 Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
 Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOME.)

BARTOLOME.—They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. *(Tries the gate.)* Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI.

PRECIOSA's bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

DOLORES.—She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window and listens)

All silent in the street,
 And in the garden. Hark!
 PRECIOSA *(in her sleep)*.— I must go hence!
 Give me my cloak!
 DOLORES.— He comes! I hear his footsteps!
 PRECIOSA.—Go tell him that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

DOLORES *(from the window)*.—Who's there ?

VOICE *(from below)*.—A friend.

DOLORES.—I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

PRECIOSA.—I must go hence. I pray you do not
harm me !

Shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian ? O, those hateful lamps !

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark ! how they mock at me !

They hiss at me like serpents ! Save ! save me !

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores ?

DOLORES.—It is midnight.

PRECIOSA.—We must be patient. Smooth this
pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

VOICE.—Muera !

ANOTHER VOICE.—O villains ! villains !

LARA.—So ! have at you !

VOICE.—Take that !

LARA.—O, I am wounded !

DOLORES *(shutting the window)*. Jesu Maria !

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—*A cross road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
 Enemy
 Of all that mankind may not rue!
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.
 Woe is me!
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN.—Yes, Love is ever busy with his
 shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.
 HYPOLITO.—Thinking to walk in those Arcadian
 pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below, and flowers above.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN.—A very pretty song. I thank thee
 for it.

HYPOLITO.—It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN.—Indeed I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

HYPOLITO.—Lopez Maldonado.

VICTORIAN.—In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO.—With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.—I will forget her! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the
world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of
drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated
trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

HYPOLITO.—Then let that foolish heart upbraid
no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICTORIAN.—Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.—And yet at last

Down sank Excalibar, to rise no more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead-weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health.
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.— Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not,
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our
cloaks;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

HYPOLITO.— We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.— It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends
as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and
beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.— Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrovetide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.— I confess
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

HYPOLITO.— Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
 Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there
 shines
 A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star.

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

VICTORIAN.—Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
 Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry
 A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
 Over the red roofs of the cottages,
 And bids the labouring hind a-field, the shep-
 herd
 Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
 And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!
 HYPOLITO.—Amen! amen! Not half a league from
 hence
 The village lies.

VICTORIAN.— This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

(Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.)

PANCHO.—Make room, ye vagabonds and Gipsy
 thieves!

Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

PEDRO CRESPO.—Keep silence all! I have an edict
 here

From our most gracious lord, the King of
 Spain,
 Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears, and listen !

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good-day ! and, pray you, hear this edict read.
PADRE CURA.—Good-day, and God be with you !
Pray, what is it ?

PEDRO CRESPO.—An act of banishment against the
Gipsies !

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

PANCHO.—Silence !

PEDRO CRESPO *(reads)*.—"I hereby order and
command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gipsies, shall hence-
forth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off ;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes
them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants, and creatures unbaptized !
You hear the law ! Obey, and disappear !

PANCHO.—And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

*(The Gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and
discontent. PANCHO follows.)*

PADRE CURA.—A righteous law ! A very righteous
law !

Pray you sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO.— I thank you heartily.

*(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door.
Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during
the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—

How came these Gipsies into Spain?

PADRE CURA.— Why, look you:
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir
Alcalde.

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gipsies.

They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor ——

PEDRO CRESPO.—Good reasons, good, substantial
reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt; I see it plain enough;
They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

PADRE CURA.— And pray, whom have we here?

PEDRO CRESPO.—More vagrants! By St. Lazarus,
more vagrants!

HYPOLITO.—Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this
Guadarrama?

PADRE CURA.—Yes, Guadarrama, and good-even-
ing to you.

HYPOLITO.—We seek the Padre Cura of the vil-
lage;

And, judging from your dress and reverend
mien,

You must be he.

PADRE CURA.—I am. Pray, what's your plea-
sure?

HYPOLITO.—We are poor students, travelling in
vacation.

You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-hand.)

PADRE CURA (*joyfully*).— Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*).—

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

PADRE CURA.—Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO.—

Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,

I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks,

A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man;

In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).— What impudence.

HYPOLITO.—As we approached, I said to my companion,

"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,

Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA.—

Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

HYPOLITO.—Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace

As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA.—

That is true.

He is out of humour with some vagrant Gipsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.

There is nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO.—The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,

If, from his well-known hospitality,

We crave a lodging for the night.

- PADRE CURA.— I pray you!
 You do me honour! I am but too happy
 To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
 It is not often that I have occasion
 To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.
- HYPOLITO.—'Tis Ovid, is it not?
- PADRE CURA.— No, Cicero.
- HYPOLITO.—Your Grace is right. You are the
 better scholar.
 Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
 But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)
- PADRE CURA.— Pass this way.
 He was a very great man, was Cicero!
 Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE
 and HYPOLITO.*

- PADRE CURA.—So then, Senor, you come from
 Alcalá.
- I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.
- HYPOLITO.—And left behind an honoured name,
 no doubt.
- How may I call your Grace?
- PADRE CURA.— Gerónimo
 De Santillana, at your Honour's service.
- HYPOLITO.—Descended from the Marquis Santil-
 lana?
- From the distinguished poet?
- PADRE CURA.— From the Marquis,
 Not from the poet.
- HYPOLITO.— Why, they were the same.
 Let me embrace you! O some lucky star
 Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—
 once more!
- Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
 And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

PADRE CURA.—I did not think my name remembered there.

HYPOLITO.—More than remembered; it is idolized.

PADRE CURA.—Of what professor speak you?

HYPOLITO.—Timoneda.

PADRE CURA.—I don't remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO.—A grave and sombre man, whose
beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

PADRE CURA.—Indeed I have. O those were
pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before
me;

And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

HYPOLITO.—Cueva? Cueva?

PADRE CURA.—Fool that I am! He was before
your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

HYPOLITO.—I should not like to try my strength
with you.

PADRE CURA.—Well, well. But I forget; you
must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

HYPOLITO.—You may be proud of such a niece as
that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA.—Servant, sir.

PADRE CURA.—This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

MARTINA.—"Twill be ready soon.

PADRE CURA.—And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Penas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Senor, excuse me. *[Exit.]*

HYPOLITO.—Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village. Is it not so?

MARTINA.—There have been Gipsies here.

HYPOLITO.—Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA (*embarrassed*).—Told my fortune?

HYPOLITO.—Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

MARTINA (*surprised*).—How know you that?

HYPOLITO.—O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand. And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall,
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN with a letter.)

VICTORIAN.—The muleteer has come.

HYPOLITO.—So soon?

VICTORIAN.—I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

HYPOLITO.—What news from court?

VICTORIAN.— He brought this letter only. (*Reads.*)
O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

HYPOLITO.—What news is this, that makes thy
cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

VICTORIAN.— O, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a damned villain!

HYPOLITO.—That is no news, forsooth.

VICTORIAN.— He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar.
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gipsies!

HYPOLITO.— To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate in love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

VICTORIAN.— Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding
heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

HYPOLITO.— O beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN.— Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

HYPOLITO.— Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood?

PADRE CURA.—Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

VICTORIAN.— Kind Heaven,
 I thank thee! She is found! is found again!
 HYPOLITO.—And have they with them a pale,
 beautiful girl,
 Called Preciosa?
 PADRE CURA.— Ay, a pretty girl.
 The gentleman seems moved.
 HYPOLITO.— Yes, moved with hunger;
 He is half famished with his long day's journey.
 PADRE CURA.—Then, pray you, come this way.
 The supper waits. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the Cachucha.

CHISPA.—Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

DON CARLOS.—Are not the horses ready yet?

CHISPA.—I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses!

(He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

MOSQUITO.—Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

CHISPA.—Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

MOSQUITO.—You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

CHISPA.—Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

MOSQUITO.—No; she has a beard.

CHISPA.—Go to! go to!

MOSQUITO.—Are you from Madrid?

CHISPA.—Yes; and going to Estremadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO.—What's the news at court?

CHISPA.—Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

MOSQUITO.—Oh! oh! you hurt me!

DON CARLOS.—Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. *(Gives money to Mosquito.)* It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

MOSQUITO.—Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

DON CARLOS.—And where?

MOSQUITO.—Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. *[Exit.*

DON CARLOS.—Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

CHISPA.—Are you not afraid of the evil eye?³⁰ Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS.—Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA.—And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS.—I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA.—Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS.—No; among the Gipsies, block-head!

CHISPA.—I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).—

On the top of a mountain I stand,³¹
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).—Down with your John Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John Dorados, and let us make an end.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).—

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran:
God send the Gipsy lassy here,
And not the Gipsy man.

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).—There you are in your morocco!

SECOND GIPSY.—One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

FIRST GIPSY.—Have at you, Chirelin.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).—

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gipsy man;
The Gipsy lassie came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.—Come hither, Murcigalleros and Ras-

tilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

GIPSIES.—Ay!

CRUZADO (*to the left*).—And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

GIPSIES.—Ay!

CRUZADO.—As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

GIPSIES.—Ay!

CRUZADO.—Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

GIPSIES.—Ay! ay!

CRUZADO.—Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

PRECIOSA.—How strangely gleams through the
gigantic trees

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning
shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon

Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each
other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being,

As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(*BARTOLOME rushes in.*)

BARTOLOME.—Ho! Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.—

O Bartolomé!

'Thou here?

BARTOLOME.—

Lo! I am here.

PRECIOSA.— Whence comest thou?

BARTOLOME.—From the rough ridges of the wild
Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA.— O touch me not!

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

BARTOLOME.— Ay, and I've wandered long

Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough
swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole com-
panions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

PRECIOSA.—Betray thee? I betray thee?

BARTOLOME.— Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

PRECIOSA.—Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I am thine no longer.

BARTOLOME.— O, recall the time

When we were children! how we played to-
gether,

How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I am hunted from the kingdom like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise!

PRECIOSA.— 'Twas my father's promise,

Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand

BARTOLOME.— False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

PRECIOSA.— Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with
me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her
from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOME.— For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

PRECIOSA.—Then take this farewell, and depart in
peace.

Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOME.— Come, come with me.

PRECIOSA.—Hark! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOME.— I entreat thee, come!

PRECIOSA.—Away! It is in vain.

BARTOLOME.— Wilt thou not come?

PRECIOSA.—Never!

BARTOLOME.— Then woe, eternal woe upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

[Exit.]

PRECIOSA.—All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is't to
die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkind-
 ness,
 All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
 And be at rest for ever! O, dull heart,
 Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to
 beat,
 Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

VICTORIAN.—'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she
 stands

Under the tent-like trees!

HYPOLITO.— A woodland nymph!

VICTORIAN.—I pray thee stand aside. Leave me.

HYPOLITO.— Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice*).—Hist! Gipsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion*).—

That voice! that voice from heaven!

Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN.— A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside*).— 'Tis he! 'tis he!

I thank thee Heaven, that thou hast heard my
 prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
 Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
 False friend or true?

VICTORIAN.— A true friend to the true.

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell for-
 tunes?

PRECIOSA.—Not in the dark. Come nearer to the
 fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN.—(*putting a piece of gold into her hand*).—
 There is the cross.

PRECIOSA.— Is't silver?

VICTORIAN.— No, 'tis gold.

PRECIOSA.—There's a fair lady at the court, who
 loves you,
 And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN.— Fie! the old story!
Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

PRECIOSA.— You are passionate;
And this same passionate humour in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now.
The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame! shame! O you have wronged the
maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

VICTORIAN.— I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA.—How know you that?

VICTORIAN.— A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA.— There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending
hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).—How like an angel's speaks
the tongue of woman.

When pleading in another's cause her own!—
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me.

(*Tries to take the ring.*)

PRECIOSA.— No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

VICTORIAN.— Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

PRECIOSA.—Why would you have this ring?

VICTORIAN.— A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain
keep it

As a memento of the Gipsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA.— No, never! never
 I will not part with it, even when I die;
 But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
 • That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
 Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN.— How?—dead?

PRECIOSA.—Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
 He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
 I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
 To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).—Be still, my swelling heart!
 one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
 Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
 And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA.— O, you will not dare
 To utter such a fiendish lie!

VICTORIAN.— Not dare?
 Look in my face, and say if there is aught
 I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

PRECIOSA.—'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes! yes! my
 heart's elected!
 My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
 Where hast thou been so long? Why didst
 thou leave me?

VICTORIAN.—Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
 Let me forget we ever have been parted!

PRECIOSA.—Hadst thou not come —

VICTORIAN.— I pray thee, do not chide me!

PRECIOSA.—I should have perished here among
 these Gipsies.

VICTORIAN.—Forgive me, sweet! for what I made
 thee suffer.

Thinkst thou this heart could feel a moment's
 joy,

Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
 Indeed since that sad hour I have not slept,
 For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

PRECIOSA.—I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN.— I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara ———

PRECIOSA.— That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard ———

VICTORIAN.—I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

HYPOLITO.—All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,

All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,

And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.—Senor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

HYPOLITO.— Not to-night;
For should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding-day would last from now till
Christmas.

CHISPA (*within*).—What ho! the Gipsies, ho!
 Beltran Cruzado!
 Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

VICTORIAN.—What now?
 Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been
 robbed?

CHISPA.—Ay, robbed and murdered; and good-
 evening to you,
 My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN.—Speak; what brings thee here?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*).—

Good news from court; good news! Beltran
 Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
 But your true father has returned to Spain
 Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

VICTORIAN.—Strange as a Moorish tale!

CHISPA.—And we have all
 Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
 As wells drink in November when it rains.

VICTORIAN.—Where is the gentleman?

CHISPA.—As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
 His soul is in Madrid.

PRECIOSA.—Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
 Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
 Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
 Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
 This is the Gipsy camp; this is Victorian,
 And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
 Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

VICTORIAN.—It is a dream, sweet child! a waking
 dream,
 A blissful certainty, a vision bright
 Of that rare happiness which even on earth
 Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
 rich

As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;
And I am now the beggar.

PRECIOSA (*giving him her hand*).—I have still
A hand to give.

CHISPA (*aside*).— And I have two to take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven
gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to
crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find
almonds.

VICTORIAN.—What more of this strange story ?

CHISPA.— Nothing more.

Your friend Don Carlos is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has con-
fessed ;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

VICTORIAN.—No ; let it be a day of general joy ;
Fortune comes well to all that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO.— So farewell

The student's wandering life ! Sweet seren-
ades,

Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful !

To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,

Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,

And leaves the Gipsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.

A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden, ³²
 Awake and open thy door,
 'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
 O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
 But come with thy naked feet;
 We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
 And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

MONK.—Ave Maria, gratia plena. Ola! good man!

SHEPHERD.—Olá!

MONK.—Is this the road to Segovia?

SHEPHERD.—It is, your reverence.

MONK.—How far is it?

SHEPHERD.—I do not know.

MONK.—What is that yonder in the valley?

SHEPHERD.—San Ildefonso.

MONK.—A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD.—Ay, marry.

MONK.—Are there robbers in these mountains?

SHEPHERD.—Yes, and worse than that.

MONK.—What?

SHEPHERD.—Wolves.

MONK.—Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD.—What wilt thou give me?

MONK.—An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, with a gun at his saddle bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my caballo,
 And I march me hurried, worried ;
 Onward, caballito mio,
 With the white star in thy forehead !
 Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
 And I hear their rifles crack !
 Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !
 Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away Enter PRECIOSA on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)

VICTORIAN.—This is the highest point. Here let us rest,

See, Preciosa, see how all about us
 Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun !
 O glorious sight !

PRECIOSA.— Most beautiful indeed !

HYPOLITO.—Most wonderful !

VICTORIAN.— And in the vale below,
 Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
 Sends up a salutation to the morn,
 As if an army smote their brazen shields,
 And shouted victory !

PRECIOSA.— And which way lies
 Segovia ?

VICTORIAN.— At a great distance yonder.
 Dost thou not see it ?

PRECIOSA.— No. I do not see it.

VICTORIAN.—The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder !

HYPOLITO.— 'Tis a notable old town,
 Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
 And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,

Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
 Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O many a time
 Out of its grated windows have I looked
 Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
 That, like a serpent through the valley
 creeping,
 Glides at its foot.

PRECIOSA.— O yes! I see it now,
 Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
 So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
 Freight with prayers and hopes, and forward
 urged
 Against all stress of accident, as in
 The Eastern tale, against the wind and tide,
 Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Moun-
 tains,
 And there were wrecked, and perished in the
 sea!

(*She weeps.*)

VICTORIAN.—O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear un-
 moved
 Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
 But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
 Melts thee to tears! O let thy weary heart
 Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
 And filled with my affection.)

PRECIOSA.— Stay no longer!
 My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
 Now looking from the window, and now
 watching
 Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
 And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father,
 father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

CHISPA.—I have a father too, but he is a dead
 one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and
 poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus

I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite!

[*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOME wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

BARTOLOME.—They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gipsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O, my
God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOME falls.*)

EVANGELINE.

INTRODUCTION.

The beautiful poem of "EVANGELINE" cannot fail to awaken painful feelings in the mind of every thoughtful Englishman. It recalls to recollection one of those deplorable acts of cruelty and unfeeling tyranny which too frequently marked the career of our early colonization and conquest. British history takes little notice of the transaction; but on the north-western shores of the Atlantic, the scene of the afflicting events, it is still remembered, and portrayed in vivid colours, forming one of the most interesting portions of household narrative and tradition.

As many of the readers of "Evangeline" are not acquainted with the facts upon which the poem is founded, a short statement of them is prefixed, which will in some measure explain the tale, and increase the pleasure of its perusal.

Previous to 1713, Great Britain had not obtained any permanent hold of those extensive colonies, situated in North America, which are now subject to her sway, and which form a most important part of her colonial empire. In that year, Acadia, now called Nova Scotia, was formally ceded to her by France. The inhabitants, whose feelings or interests seem to have been little considered in the matter, were induced to take the oath of allegiance to their new masters, only on the express reservation that they would not be called on to take up arms at any time against the French or the Indians in defence of the province. This condition was insisted on, because of their natural unwillingness to take up arms either against the former, who were their kinsmen, or the latter, who had long been connected with them by treaties of friendship and alliance. The British government, it is said, objected to this arrangement, when informed of it; but be this as it may, the oaths were never taken, nor for years afterwards were they ever proposed in any different form.

Subsequently to the annexation of Acadia to the English settlements, at the termination of the "war of succession," when the British extended their dominion still farther in that quarter by the capture of the French fort Beau Sejour, the Acadians were charged with having forfeited their neutrality, in supplying the French and Indians with intelligence, provisions, and quarters, and by a body of them, amounting to three hundred, being found in arms, and assisting at Beau Sejour.

Whether the charges alleged were true or false, we have now no means of satisfactorily ascertaining, but the result was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, with his council, and the British admirals, deeming it more than probable that, if they drove the inhabitants away from the country, they would join, and thus recruit, the French army in Canada, determined to disperse them among the distant British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures. This iniquitous decision was carefully concealed from the Acadians until they had gathered in their harvest, which the British required for stores; when a proclamation was issued, calling on the people to assemble in their different villages, to hear the king's orders. The melancholy sequel cannot be better narrated than in the words of the writers of the day. Minot says:—

“At Grand Pre, where Colonel Winslow had the immediate command, four hundred and eighteen of their best men assembled.

“These being shut into the church (for that had become an arsenal), he placed himself, with his officers, in the centre, and addressed them:—

“Gentlemen—I have received from his excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know.

“The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species.

“But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive; and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions; namely:—

“That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods: and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

“Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a good deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people.

“I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command.”

With this quaint, but significant address, Colonel Winslow declared

them the king's prisoners, and they were detained in the church for several days. "In consequence of their earnest entreaties, the prisoners were permitted, ten at once, to return to visit their wretched families, and to look for the last time upon their beautiful fields and their loved and lost homes."

The close of the affecting narrative of Minot is as follows:—

"The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pro finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and seventy-six of the latter; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock was upwards of five thousand horned cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, and twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven sheep and swine.

"As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste, to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas, where numbers had fled, they were quickly dispersed, according to the original plan, among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and became a public expense, owing in a great degree to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation, which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary, but humiliating, establishment of paupers for their children."

Another writer describes the moment of embarkation in the following terms:—

"The preparations having been all completed, the 10th September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. Their request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners; a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male population of the district of Minas put on board of five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereau, each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia."

In speaking of the distresses which these ill-fated people endured,

Hutchinson says:—"In several instances, the husbands who happened to be at a distance from home were put on board vessels bound to one of the English colonies, and their wives and children on board other vessels, bound to other colonies, remote from the first. One of the most sensible of them, describing his case, said, 'It was the hardest which had happened since our Saviour was upon earth.'"

Another writer, Mr. Sabine, says:—"In another section of the colony, two hundred and fifty-three houses were set on fire at one time, and their owners beheld the awful calamity from the neighbouring woods in unspeakable agony; when, at length, an attempt was made to burn the church, they suddenly emerged from the forest, slew and maimed about thirty of their enemies, and quickly returned to 'God's first temples.'"

Whatever may have been the crimes of some of the Acadians, it is undeniable that, as a people, they were treated with unnecessary cruelty. And though the circumstances are well-nigh obliterated from the pages of authentic history, they have an imperishable record in the pages of "*Evangeline*."

We may merely mention that some of the characters in the piece are not altogether imaginary personages. The Rene Leblanc, for instance, was a notary-public, as the poet represents, and had formerly suffered for his allegiance to the English crown. The Indians had carried him into captivity on that account, and detained him a prisoner four years. At the time of the events described, he was a vigorous old man, with twenty children, and one hundred and fifty grandchildren. Despite of a promise made to him by Winslow, he was sent to New York, with his wife and his two youngest children only, the others having been dispersed elsewhere. With this small band he set out in search of others of his family, and succeeded in joining three of them in Philadelphia. But here he was exhausted. The wrongs and sufferings which he and his compatriots had endured bowed his spirit to the dust, and he died broken-hearted and in despair.

JANUARY, 1849.

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF LOVE IN ACADIE.

Part the First.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for
ever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village
of Grand Pré.

/ Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
dures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of wo-
man's devotion, |
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
happy.

I.

- In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orch-
ards and corn-fields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Aca-
dian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows;
and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded
the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sun set

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and
in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning
the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-
ate welcome.

Then came the labourers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike
were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the
vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the
hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, direct-
ing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses !/
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them.
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-
diction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by
a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
road side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farmyard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-
tique ploughs and the harrows.

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the self-same

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a
staircase

Under the sheltering eaves led up to the odorous
corn loft.

There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the
variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the
farmer of Grand Pré.

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church, and
opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment

Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapours around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.

/ Day with its burden and heat had departed, and
twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the sea-side,

Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog. /

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wain,
from the marshes,
Laden with briny bay, that filled the air with its
odour.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tas-
sels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence
Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets de-
scended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness;
Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the valves
of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouth fireplace, idly
the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames
and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter
plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies
the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers be-
fore him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-
gundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the cor-
ner behind her.

Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its dili-
gent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-
ments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at
intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the
priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion
the clock clicked. /

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,
and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung
back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was
Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who
was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold.

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy
place on the settle

Close by the chimney side, which is always empty
without thee ;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box
of tobacco ;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and
jovial face gleams,

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
fireside :—

" Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horse-shoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-
line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued :

" Four days now are passed since the English ships
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in
the meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the
people."

Then made answer the farmer :—" Perhaps some
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the
harvests in England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children."

"Not so think the folk in the village," said,
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a
sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike wea-
pons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our corn-fields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the
enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no sha-
dow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy
of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover's;

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of
the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary-public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive;

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend
of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;

For he told them tales of the loup-garou in the
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water
the horses,

And of the white léliche, the ghost of a child who
unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover, and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
“ Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “ thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.”
Then, with modest demeanour, made answer the notary-public :—
“ Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why, then, molest us ?”
“ God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith ;
“ Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !”
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary-public :—
“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and, finally, justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me

When, as a captive, I lay in the old French fort of
Port Royal."

This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved
to repeat it

Whenever neighbours complained that any injustice
was done them.

"Once, in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced, in a
nobleman's palace,

That a necklace of pearls was lost ; and ere long,
a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl, who lived as maid in the
household.

She, after form of trial, condemned to die on scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,

Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of
the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance ;

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of
a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language ;
And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his
face, as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in
the village of Grand Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age
of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep
and cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun
on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw
on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the
fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of
its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men
Laughed at each, lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-
nœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.
Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-
dow's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell
from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned
in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed
on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white
and its clothes press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-
line woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,

Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of
her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor, and darkened the room for
a moment.

And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely
the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow
her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar!

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village
of Grand Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air, the Basin
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
the neighbouring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father:

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the trees alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous tes Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo, with a
summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them,
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and disso-
nant clangour
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from
ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will
of the soldiers.
Then up rose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his
Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have
answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make
and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves
from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the fields and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face, and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted—

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he
awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake
to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents
measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly
the clock strikes:
"What is this that ye do, my children? what
madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among
you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-
other!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and
prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and
would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people

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Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that
passionate outbreak ;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father,
forgive them ! "

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the
Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the wo-
men and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dour, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-
blazoned its windows.
Lo ! within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table ;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-
grant with wild flowers ;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
brought from the dairy ;
At the head of the board the great arm-chair of the
farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as
the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows.

Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience !
Then, all-forgotful of self, she wandered into the
village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate
hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary
feet of their children. /
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-
scending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church
Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and
the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome
by emotion,
“ Gabriel ! ” cried she aloud, with tremulous voice ;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
by the window. /
Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of
the neighbouring thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world he created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of
the justice of Heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on
the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of
the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms
the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding
road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;
and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did
the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came labouring down from
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to
his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching
in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-
dian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising to-
gether their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chaunt of the Catholic
Missions:—
“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-
sion and patience!”
Then the old men, as they marched, and the
women that stood by the wayside,
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the
sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited
in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour
of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—
“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. / Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the
 refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
 sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the
 slippery sea-weed.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods
 and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near
 them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
 farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-
 ing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,
 and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of
 the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned
 from their pastures ;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk
 from their udders ;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
 bars of the farmyard—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the
 hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no
 Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
 lights from the windows. |

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires
 had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
 wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
 were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
 crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline
sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the
old man
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
firelight.
" *Benedicite !*" murmured the priest in tones of
compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was
full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a
child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of
the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars
that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together
in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er
the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun-
tain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that
lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke arose, and flashes of
flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-
ing thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from
a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke, with the flashes of flame
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on
shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the vil-
lage of Grand Pré!”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the low-
ing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;

And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a
multitude near her,

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her.

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown
land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in
haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service
of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a
vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
with the dirges.
’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out
of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and
the village in ruins.

Part the Second.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savannahs—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst
of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and
endeavour;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-
haps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her
forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her
beloved and known him.
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-
gotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O yes! we
have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies;
Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters
and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes!
we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say—"Dear child! why dream
and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?
others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year: come, give him thy hand, and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid Saint Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely, but sadly—"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection—affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of
existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;
Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-
vals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it.
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches
an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beauti-
ful River,
Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-
sissippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Aca-
dian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from
the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-
gether,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a
common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope
or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-
acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the whimpling waves
of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins
and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where, through the golden coast, and groves of
orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were they lost in a maze of sluggish and de-
vious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,

Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange, were all things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place at the prow of the boat rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them per-
adventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew
a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues
to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-
tance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of
pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, and then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those
shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft, like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn ;
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettoes,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed in the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and
unseen, were the sleepers ;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father
Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague supersti-
tion ?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon,

Like a magician, extended his golden wand o'er the landscape.

Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky, and water, and
forest,
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains
of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and
waters around her.
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-
bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow-spray that hung o'er
the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious
music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soar-
ing to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low
lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad
in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling ;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic misletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious verandah,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dovecots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran
a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the
limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly
descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvass
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless
calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with cordage of
grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf
of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look
of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
resounded
Wildly, and sweet, and far, through the still damp
air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of
the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden
advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder;
When they beheld his face, and recognized Basil
the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to
the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless question
and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent
and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark
doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,
Broke the silence, and said—"If you came by the
Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tre-
mulous accent—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face
on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe
as he said it—

“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.”

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting
the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the
ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanour;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil
and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were
his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would
go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
airy verandah,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;
but within-doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in
the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table,
the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in
endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Nat-
chitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and
smiled as they listened :—
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long
have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home that is better per-
chance than the old one !
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the
rivers ;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the
farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,
as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-
som ; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-
claimed in the prairies ;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
your farms and your cattle.”
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils,
And his huge brawny hand came thundering down
on the table,
So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician,
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends ; beware of the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy verandah.

It was the neighbouring creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other, •

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle.

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,

As, through the garden-gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried—“O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poor-will sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
“Patience!” whispered the oaks, from oracular caverns of darkness;
And from the moonlit meadow a sigh responded,
“To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring back the Prodigal Son from
his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning and
sunshine and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course in lake or forest or
river,

Nor after many days had they found him; but
vague and uncertain

Rumours alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous landlord

That on the day before, with horses and guides and
companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the
mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.

Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and
Owhyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps
the Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the
wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend
to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and
solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the won-
drous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk,
and the roebuck ;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of rider-
less horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
weary with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their
terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of
swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by
the brook-side ;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden
and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
overtake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ;
but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times, and
their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Mor-
gana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose fea-
tures
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman, returning home to her
people
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,
had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-
est and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-
fered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
had ended
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious
horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like
a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed
by a phantom.
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love
to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by
her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
line listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendour,
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,

Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt
for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and
the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed;
and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the westward
slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of
the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary
and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-
line answered—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a
spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur
of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of
a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix, fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grape-vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
intricate arches
Of its ærial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs
of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-
ing devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benedic-
tion had fallen
From the hands of the priest, like seeds from the
hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,
and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into
his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:—
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
poses,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in win-
ter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn, When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said—and her voice was meek and submissive—

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pilaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as
the magnet ;
It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has
suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's
journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odour is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,
yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood—yet Ga-
briel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour
was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of
blossom.
Far to the north and east, it is said, in the Michigan
forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes
of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets
of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.
So when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavour,
Ended, to re-commence no more upon earth, un-
complaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-
low us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers, and cities, and
hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and
the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,
but transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent ;
Patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.

Day after day, in the grey of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits
from the market,
Met he the meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the
city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their craws but an acorn,
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of
existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse—home of the
homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of mea-
dows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-
way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye
always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
 behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
 splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
 and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a
 distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
 celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits
 would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets
 deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of
 the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers
 in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
 among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their
 fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
 cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the
 belfry of Christ Church,
And, intermingled with these, across the meadows
 were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes
 in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
 on her spirit :
Something within her said—" At length thy trials
 are ended ;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
 bers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
 attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and conceal-
ing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow
by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
'Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the
walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-
time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while
a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such ter-
rible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that
shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "F'a-
ther, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away
from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers
are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and
unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the
shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story ;
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

TRANSLATIONS.

Swedish.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER 53

FROM BISHOP TEGNER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The
church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On
the spire of the belfry
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of
the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles
aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue; and May, with her
cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields; and the
wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! With
lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers; and merry, on
balancing branches,
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to
the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned
like a leaf-woven arbour

Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within, upon each
cross of iron,

Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined by
the hands of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the
departed,

(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was
embellished with blossoms

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith
and the hamlet,

Who on his birthday is crowned by children and
children's children ;

So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his
pencil of iron

Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the
swift-changing moment,

While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered
in quiet.

• Also the church within was adorned, for this was
the season

In which the young, their parents' hope, and the
loved ones of Heaven,

Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of
their baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and
cleaned, and the dust was

• Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-
painted benches.

There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of
the Leafy Pavilions ²⁴

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms
on the church wall

Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's
pulpit of oak-wood

Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before
Aaron.

Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and
the dove, washed with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of
wind-flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
 painted by Hörberg, ³⁵
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses
 of angels
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the
 shadowy leaf-work.
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked
 from the ceiling;
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in
 the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
 crowd was assembled
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
 preaching.
 Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
 from the organ.
 Hover, like voices from God, aloft like invisible
 spirits.
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him
 his mantle,
 Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and
 with one voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem
 immortal
 Of the sublime Wallén, ³⁶ of David's harp in the
 Northland,
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its
 powerful pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to
 heaven,
 And every face did shine like the Holy One's face
 upon Tabor.
 Lo! there entered then into the church the Rever-
 end Teacher.
 Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Chris-
 tianly plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of
 seventy winters.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the herald-
ing angel
Walked he among the crowds ; but still a contem-
plative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered
gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that
faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now from the day
of creation)
Th' artist, the friend of Heaven, inagines St. John
when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to Heaven, so seemed
then the old man :
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his
tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were
numbered ;
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left
hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the
innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian
service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse
from the old man :
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the
heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on
those in the desert.
Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher re-
entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right
hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks
rosy-blooming.
But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremu-
lous lilies,

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the
diffident maidens—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast
down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the cate-
chism. In the beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering
voice, but the old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the
doctrines eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from
lips unpolluted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they
named the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all
courtesied.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light
there among them.

And to the children explained he the Holy, the
Highest, in few words;

Thorough, yet simple and clear—for sublimity
always is simple—

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its
meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when
Spring-tide approaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the
radiant sunshine,

Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the per-
fected blossom

Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown
in the breezes,

So was unfolded here the Christian lore of Salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The
fathers and mothers

Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each
well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; and
straightway transfigured

(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate
Teacher.

Like the Lord's prophet sublime, and awful as
Death and as Judgment,

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher,
earthward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him
were transparent,

Shot he; his voice was deep, was low, like the
thunder afar off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he
spake and he questioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the
Apostles delivered,

This is, moreover, the faith whereunto I baptized
you, while still ye

Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the por-
tals of heaven.

Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in
its bosom;

Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in
its radiant splendour

Rains from the heaven downward; to-day on the
threshold of childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make
your election,

For she knows nought of compulsion, and only
conviction desireth.

This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of
existence,

Seed for the coming days; without revocation
departeth

Now from your lips the confession: bethink ye,
before ye make answer!

Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the
questioning Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon
falsehood.

Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multi-
 tude hears you,
 Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon
 earth is and holy,
 Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge
 everlasting
 Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in
 waiting beside him
 Grave your confession in letters of fire upon
 tablets eternal.
 Thus then—Believe ye in God, in the Father who
 this world created?
 Him who redeemed it, the Son? and the Spirit,
 where both are united?
 Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to
 cherish
 God more than all things earthly, and every man
 as a brother?
 Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by
 your living,
 Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive,
 and to suffer,
 Be what it may your condition, and walk before
 God in uprightness?
 Will ye promise me this before God and man?"
 With a clear voice
 Answered the young men, Yes! and Yes! With
 lips softly-breathing
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from
 the brow of the Teacher
 Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on
 in accents more gentle,
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's
 rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom
 of heaven be ye welcome!
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant
 brothers and sisters!

Yet—for what reason not children? Of such is
the kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in
heaven one Father,

Ruling them as his own household—forgiving in
turn and chastising,

That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has
taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity
and upon virtue

Resteth the Christian faith; she herself from on
high is descended.

Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of
the doctrine

Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross
suffered and died for.

O! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
asylum

Downward and ever downward, and deeper in
Age's chill valley,

O! how soon will ye come—too soon!—and long
to turn backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined,
where Judgment

Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad
like a mother,

Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart
was forgiven:

Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the
roses of heaven!

Seventy years have I lived already; the Father
Eternal

Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest
hours of existence,

When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have
instantly known them,

Known them all, all again; they were my child-
hood's acquaintance.

Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the
paths of existence,

Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,

Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows

Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert

Angels descend and minister unto her : she herself knoweth

Nought of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and humble,

Follows so long as she may her Friend ; O do not reject her,

For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth incessant

'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.

Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,

Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels,

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the spirit's longings are worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,

Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,
in the graveyard—
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrow-
ing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
helps and consoles them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things are pros-
perous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and with
hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of
blessings.
(Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that
comes not from heaven ?
What has mankind, forsooth, the poor ! that it has
not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs
adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of
Him who
Hung his masonry pendant on nought, when the
world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament
uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward
from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke
of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them,
but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of
the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he
speaks in his anger,
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like
the roebuck.
Yet — why are ye afraid, ye children ? This
awful Avenger,

Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in
 the earthquake,
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the
 whispering breezes.
 Love is the root of creation; God's essence;
 worlds without number
 Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for
 this purpose only.
 Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed
 forth his Spirit
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
 laid its
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a
 flame out of heaven.
 Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath
 of your being.
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor
 mother
 Loved you as God has loved you; for 'twas that
 you may be happy
 Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his
 head in the death-hour,
 Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then
 was completed.
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the
 temple, dividing
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their
 sepulchres rising,
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of
 each other
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's
 enigma—Atonement!
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love
 is Atonement.
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the mer-
 ciful Father;
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
 fear, but affection:
 Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that
 loveth is willing:

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love; and
Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou
likewise thy brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is
Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on
his forehead?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he
not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he
not guided

By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst
thou hate then thy brother?

Hateth he thee—forgive! For 'tis sweet to stam-
per one letter

Of the Eternal's language: on earth it is called
Forgiveness!

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown
of thorns round his temples;

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers?
Say, dost thou know him?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise
his example;

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
his failings;

Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly
Shepherd

Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to
its mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that
we know it.

Love is the creature's welfare with God; but Love
among mortals

Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and
stands waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on
his eyelids.

Hope—so is called upon earth his recompense—
Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to
 heaven, and faithful
 Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
 grave, and beneath it
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet
 play of shadows!
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering
 promise,
 Having nought else beside Hope. Then praise we
 our Father in heaven,
 Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope
 been illumined,
 Groping no longer in night: she is Faith, she is
 living Assurance.
 Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye
 of affection,
 Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their
 visions in marble.
 Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines
 like the Prophet's,
 For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its
 stable foundation
 Draws she with chains down to earth, and the new
 Jerusalem sinketh
 Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours
 descending.
 There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the
 figures majestic,
 Fears not the wingèd crowd; in the midst of them
 all is her homestead.
 Therefore love and believe; for works will follow
 spontaneous,
 Even as day does the sun: the Right from the Good
 is an offspring,
 Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are
 no more than
 Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate
 Spring-tide.
 Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and
 bear witness

Not what they seemed, but what they were only.
Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon
earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does
Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, and twin-brother is
he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the
arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face
of its Father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear—see dimly
his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon
them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On
his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and
face to face standing
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by
vapours;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits
majestic,
Nobler, better than I: they stand by the throne all
transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are
singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language
spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one
day shall gather;
Never forgets he the weary; then welcome, ye
loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget
not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth
shall ye heed not;

Earth is but dust, and heaven is light: I have
 pledged you to heaven.
 God of the universe, hear me! thou Fountain of
 Love everlasting,
 Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my
 prayer to thy heaven!
 Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit
 of all these
 Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved
 them all like a father.
 May they bear witness for me that I taught them
 the way of salvation
 Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may
 they know me,
 Fall on their 'Teacher's breast, and before thy face
 may I place them,
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and
 exclaiming with gladness,
 'Father, lo! I am here, and the children whom
 thou hast given me!'"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at
 the beck of the old man
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the
 altar's enclosure.
 Kneeling he read them the prayers of the consecra-
 tion, and softly
 With him the children read; at the close, with
 tremulous accents,
 Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon
 them.
 Now should have ended his task for the day; the
 following Sunday
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's
 holy Supper.
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher
 silent, and laid his
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward;
 while thoughts high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes
glanced with wonderful brightness.
“ On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall
rest in the graveyard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken un-
timely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I?
the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart: I will so! for to-day grows the
harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; for what failing
therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend
Father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come
in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have
told it you often.
Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement
a token,
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his
sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence.
'Twas in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs
its crown o'er the
Fall to this day: in the Thought is the Fall; in the
heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite like-
wise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers,
and forward
Far as hope in her flight can reach with her wearied
pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the life-
time of mortals.
Brought forth is sin full-grown; but Atonement
sleeps in our bosoms

Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven
 and of angels
 Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the
 harp's strings,
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the de-
 liverer's finger.
 Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the
 Prince of Atonement.
 Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands
 now with eyes all resplendent,
 Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with
 Sin, and overcomes her.
 Downward to earth he came, and transfigured,
 thence re-ascended;
 Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still
 lives in the spirit,
 Loves and atones evermore. So long as time is, is
 Atonement.
 Therefore with reverence receive this day her
 visible token.
 Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The
 light everlasting
 Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye
 that has vision.
 Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that
 is hallowed
 Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of
 amendment,
 Fruits of the earth ennoble to heavenly things,
 and removes all
 Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his
 arms wide extended,
 Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is
 tried, and whose gold flows
 Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind
 by Atonement
 Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atone-
 ment's wine-cup.
 But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate
 in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's
blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he eateth
and drinketh
Death and doom ! And from this preserve us, thou
heavenly Father !
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of
Atonement ?"
Thus with emotion he asked ; and together answered the children,
" Yes ! " with deep sobs interrupted. Then read
he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the
organ and anthem :
O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our trans-
gressions,
Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have
mercy upon us !
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly
pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round
the mystical symbols.
O then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad
eye of mid-day,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees
in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass
on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it)
there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-
cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the
green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen :
there saw they
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand
the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harp-strings, and
angels from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their
pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task ; and with heaven
in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him,
weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of
them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his
hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent
tresses.

Danish.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
" Fly ! " shouted they ; " fly, he who can !
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stork ? "

Nils Juel⁸⁷ gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour !
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
" Now is the hour ! "

"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despise,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

[The following strange and somewhat mystic ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A Knight full well equipped;

His steed was black, his helm was barred ;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
'Twelve little golden birds ;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
'Twelve little golden wheels ;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest ;
And it was sharper than diamond stone ;
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down :
" Art thou Christ of heaven ? " quoth he,
" So will I yield me unto thee."

" I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest maidens have me bedight."

" Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three maidens thee bedight ;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honour !"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test ;

The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

Anglo-Saxon.

THE GRAVE.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.

The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends ;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

German.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
" Long live the Swabian land !

" The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there."

" Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing—
And dashed his beard with wine—
" I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

" The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !"

" Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon !"
A bold Bohemian cries ;
" If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

" There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain-gorge and bourn."

.

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, " Ye may no more contend—
There lies the happiest land !"

THE WAVE.

FROM TIEDGE.

“WHITHER, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?”

“I am the wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust:
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream, I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.”

THE DEAD.

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM MULLER.

- "THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go ;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.
- "The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play ;
And everything that can sing and fly
Goes with us, and far away.
- "I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band ?"—
- "I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.
- "Full and swollen is every sail ;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.
- "And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?
Thou mayst stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."
- "I need not, and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.
- "High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When the merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life-long,
Neither poet nor printer may know."

WHITHER?

FROM MULLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside:
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;

'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

B E W A R E.

I KNOW a maiden, fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance, and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell, thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily:
Tellest thou at evening
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully:
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM UHLAND.

- "HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.
- "And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."
- "Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."
- "The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear from those lofty chambers
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"
- "The winds and the waves of ocean
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."
- "And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?"
- "Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there;
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
 Without the crown of pride ;
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe ;
 No maiden was by their side !"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
 When woods and fields put off all sadness,
 Thus began the king, and spake :
 "So from the halls
 Of ancient Hofburg's walls
 A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
 Wave the crimson banners proudly,
 From balcony the king looked on ;
 In the play of spears,
 Fell all the cavaliers,
 Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
 Rode at last a sable knight.

"Sir Knight ! your name and 'scutcheon, say !"
 "Should I speak it here,
 Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
 I'm a prince of mighty sway !"

When he rode into the lists,
 The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
 And the castle 'gan to rock.

At the first blow,
 Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
 Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
 Torchlight through the high halls glances ;
 Waves a mighty shadow in ;

With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame,
"Twixt son and daughter all distraught;
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined.
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took :
" Golden wine will make you whole !"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank ;
" O that draught was very cool !"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter ; and their faces
Colourless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

" Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;
Take me, too, the joyless father !"
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast :
" Roses in the spring I gather !"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band !
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
'To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land !

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall !"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall:
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all;
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall!

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the wild flames start:
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword :
He in the night had scaled the wall ;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks, in the dismal ruin's fall,
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“ The stone wall,” saith he, “ doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall !”

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked ;
And in the sweet repose of life,
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream—away !
Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought :
To a grave so cold and deep

The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild ;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above ;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle—wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind—
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he, calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild ;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child !

And my songs, green leaves and blossoms,
Up to heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood, and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness—
“Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!”

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

O HEMLOCK-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are
thy branches!

Green not alone in summer-time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are
thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom!

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou takest for
thine example:

So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou takest for
thine example.

The meadow-brook, the meadow-brook, is mirror
of thy falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow-brook, the meadow-brook, is mirror
of thy falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come
snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains
fall—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through mani-
fold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me, to wander alone
In a desolate land, where the sun is scarce known—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of
foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee, thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden, thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and
one hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife,
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;
Thou art my lambskin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;
I am king of the household, thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to heaven the hut where we dwell,
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou, little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man
sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and
doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Chris-
tianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever
round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and
comfort it bespoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only bites us,
like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but
a torch's fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus Truth
silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens
so with theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a father-
land their own,
'They will be most highly valued where they are
best and longest known.

Spanish.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE. 83

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past—
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !

Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side,
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal truth—the Good and Wise—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above :
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal ;
When, in the mansions of the blessed,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes—the glad Messenger of Love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all:
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;

These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary Age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array ;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The 'scutcheon that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth, and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart !
Did not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in fortune's hands are found ;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust—
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They sealed the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mark
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay—but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace;

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages past so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the king, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Arragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries,
The deeds of love and high emprise
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume—
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
 Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,
 And odours sweet?
 Where are the gentle knights, that came
 To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
 Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
 Where are the lute and gay tambour
 They loved of yore?
 Where is the mazy dance of old,
 The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
 The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
 Henry, whose royal court displayed
 Such power and pride;
 O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
 The world its various pleasures laid
 His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile
 That world, which wore so soft a smile
 But to betray!
 She, that had been his friend before,
 Now from the fated monarch tore
 Her charms away.

The countless gifts—the stately walls,
 The royal palaces, and halls
 All filled with gold;
 Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
 Chambers with ample treasures fraught
 Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
 And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
 In rich array—

Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable—the true
And gallant master—whom we knew
Most loved of all—
Breathe not a whisper of his pride;
He on the gloomy scaffold died—
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green and cities fair,
His mighty power;
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield;
All these, O death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh—
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep—
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!

Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief;
And sorrows, neither few nor brief,
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As virtue's son—
Roderic Manrique—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise ;
What grace in youthful gayeties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness ; his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws ;
The arm of Hector ; and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still ;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;

The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
No massive plate ;
He fought the Moors—and, in their fr'ld,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half-effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory,
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down ;
When he had served, with patriot zeal
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valour strong.
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocana's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;

Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray—
The closing scene.

“ Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

“ Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man—nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

“ A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth—
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

“ The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid—the spirit
Corrupt with sin—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

“ But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

“And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

“Cheered onward by this promise sure
Strong in the faith, entire and pure,
Thou dost profess,
Depart—thy hope is certainty—
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess.”

“O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be—
I bow to the Divine decree,
To God's behest.

“My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

“O Thou that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

“And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;

By Thy redeeming grace alone
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me;
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so
long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my Shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd!—thou who for thy flock art
dying,

O wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

O wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying—
Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still
for me!

T O - M O R R O W .

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and O to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
"To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade,
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye,
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentineled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! thou seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one, the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's
gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles
 count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy
 current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
 Thou shunst the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid
 fount!

F r e n c h .

SPRING.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLEANS.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power display!
 For winter maketh the light heart sad,
 And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay.
 He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the
 rain;
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
 Their beards of icicles and snow;
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
 We must cower over the embers low;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;
But, heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for nought both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow,
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error ! he but slept ; I breathe again ;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
O when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

Italian.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

"See how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!

"See how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the celestial pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

"*In exitu Israel out of Egypt!*"
Thus sang they altogether in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made He sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain:

Yet not from their upright direction bent,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo ! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some
mixture
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, XXX, XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying: "*Benedictus qui venis*,"
And scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."

I once beheld, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapours,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
Vested in colours of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Bown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whenc'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire ;

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime for ever
After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;

But when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
" O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him ?"

The ice that was about my heart, congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

.
Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a crossbow breaks, when 'tis discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;

So I give way under this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.
Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,

The poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under-ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within,
Like a funeral bell.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID. 39

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,

Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feel the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest,

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
'They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed :
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?

Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,

Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march.
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint ;
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Cœnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then through the silence overhead
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re echoed down the burning chords—
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,

Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty
Omawhaws;
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name
thou hast taken !
Wrapt in the scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk
through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin
of rivers

Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only
their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race
but the footprints?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod
the green turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast
breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 'tis vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou
dost challenge

Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls
and these pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while
downtrodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its
caverns that they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its
division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west
of the Wabash!

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the
leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and
in summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous
breath of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of
horses!

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of
the Elk-horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the
Omawhaw

Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like
a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those
mountainous deserts!

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty
Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts
 of the thunder,
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the
 red man?
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows
 and the Foxes;
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread
 of Behemoth.

Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts
 the Missouri's
 Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies,
 the camp-fires
 Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in
 the gray of the daybreak
 Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's
 dexterous horse-race:
 It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell
 the Camanches!
 Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like
 the blast of the east wind,
 Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of
 thy wigwams!

 CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
 In the quaint old Flemish city,
 As the evening shades descended,
 Low and loud and sweetly blended,
 Low at times and loud at times,
 Changing like a poet's rhymes,
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes
 From the belfry in the market
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.
 Then, with deep sonorous clangor,
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,

When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher, home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night ;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.
Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blè,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing-girl, the grave bashaw,
With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines !
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But lo ! thy door is left ajar !
'Thou hearest footsteps from afar !
And at the sound
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise !
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.

No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little beating heart before :
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah once, within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread ;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee ?
Out, out into the open air !
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they ;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.

Along the garden-walks
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;
 And see at every turn how they efface
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
 That rise like golden domes
 Above the cavernous and secret homes
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
 Ah! cruel little Tamerlane,
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,
 Dost persecute and overwhelm
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
 And voice more beautiful than poet's books,
 Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
 Thou comest back to parley with repose!
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
 And shining with the argent light of dews,
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
 From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
 Dreamlike the waters of the river gleam;
 A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison!
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate!
 Into those realms of love and hate,

Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years!
And yet upon its outer rim
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Wearied with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,

Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the labourer's side ;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along,
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility ;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the seer ;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold ;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,

Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin.
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As these leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from the suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes,
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland.

Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!
From the pitcher placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken;
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,
Much this mystic throng expresses:
Bacchus was the type of vigour,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
 Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
 Youth perpetual dwells in fountains—
 Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons,
 And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
 From that fiery blood of dragons
 Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
 Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
 Never drank the wine he vaunted
 In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher,
 Wreathed about with classic fables;
 Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend! sit down and listen!
 As it passes thus between us,
 How its wavelets laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

< L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit
 sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des
 tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JAQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all—

"Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

*in the room where
 the clock is placed
 in the house*

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow !
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again !”
As in the days long since gone by.
The ancient timepiece makes reply—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time, shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the west,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest !
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppress'd.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !
My morning and my evening star of love !
My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,⁴⁰
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land.

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest-moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended,
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

D A N T E.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realm of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, " Peace ! "

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time ;
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

CURFEW

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow it fancies ;
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

7.

NOTES.

¹ Page 21.—*Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!*

IN Scandinavia, "Skoal" is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

² Page 38.—*All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crecy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiegne. Louis de Crecy was son and successor of Robert de Bethune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

³ Page 38.—*Stately dames like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders, with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, "*Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines.*"

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly-embroidered cloaks, and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon Van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

⁴ Page 38.—*Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous Order of the Fleece of Gold.

⁵ Page 39.—*I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Temeraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Isabella was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg*, as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfünzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists, and the body of St. Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

⁶ Page 39.—*The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former

commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

† Page 39.—*Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Dcynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *chaperons blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by labouring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders, and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village Nevele; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burnt by the count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower, and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the count retired to faithful Bruges.

⁸ Page 39.--*The Golden Dragon's Nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip Van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*"—"My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land."

⁹ Page 44.—*That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nurnberg's hand
Geht durch alle land.*"

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

¹⁰ Page 44.—*Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfinsing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See note on page 39.

¹¹ Page 44.—*In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

¹² Page 44.—*In the church of sainted Laurence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture, in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly-painted windows cover it with varied colours.

13 Page 46.--*Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Master-singers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Master-singers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century, and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

14 Page 46.--*As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:

"An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps."

15 Page 75.--*As Lope says.*

"La colera
de un Espanol sentado no se templa,
si no le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Genesis."

LOPE DE VEGA.

16 Page 78.--*Abernuncio Satanas.*

"Digo, Senora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abernuncio habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque."—*Don Quixote*, Part II., c. xxxv.

17 Page 88.—*Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish epigram.

"Siempre, Fray Carrillo, estas
cansandonos aca fuera;
quien en tu celda estuviera
para do verte jamas!"

BOHL DE FABER. FLORESTA, No. 611.

18 Page 89.—*Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,
Padre Francesco!"
—Coea volete del Padre Francesco—

'V' e una bella ragazzina
 Che si vuole confessar !
 Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare !
 Che la voglio confessare."

KOPISCH.—VOLKSTHÜMLICHE FORSIEN AUS ALLEN MUNDARTEN
 ITALIENS UND SEINER INSELN, p. 194.

Page 90.—*Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

²⁰ Page 97.—*The gold of the Busne.*

Busne is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

²¹ Page 98.—*Count of the Cales.*

The Gipsies call themselves Cales. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

²² Page 102.—*Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"Y volviéndome á un lado, vi á un avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léjos sus tripas, no hablaba porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados,) ¿ si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos ?"—*El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

²³ Page 102.—*And Amen ! said the Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

"Amen, dijo Mio Cid el Campeador."
 Line 3044.

²⁴ Page 103.—*The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante.

"Si cho chiaro
 Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression, though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

25 Page 104.—*Mari Franca*.

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer,

"Porque caso Mari-Franca
cuatro leguas de Salamanca."

26 Page 105.—*Ay, soft, emerald eyes*.

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*:

"¡Ay ojuelos verdes,
ay los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mi te acuerdes!

Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos."

BOHL DE FABER. *FLORESTA*, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi, 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."

27 Page 106.—*The Avenging Child*.

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

28 Page 107.—*All are sleeping*.

From the Spanish. Böhl's *Floresta*, No. 282.

29 Page 120.—*Good-night*.

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

30 Page 135.—*The evil eye*.

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar Nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville."—BORROW'S *Zincali*, vol. I., c. IX.

31 Page 136.—*On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpleton.

In your morocco, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.

Rastilleros, footpads.

Hermit, highway-robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

St. Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.

Goblin, police-officer.

Papagayo, a spy.

Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

32 Page 146.—*If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista, on page 147.

33 Page 227.—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

The Children of the Lord's Supper, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, is a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and

belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luise* of Voss, and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Göethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some months before; or bread with aniseed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths; and, hanging round their necks in front, a leathern wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet also groups of Dalecarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the

baptismal font or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church-spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings: on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies, that came lifeless into the world, were carried in the arms of grey-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps, and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air; and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom, with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The

steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen; and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops; and straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the waggon; and after eating, and drinking, and hurraing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof, receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after, the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head, and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich: rich in health,

rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying, in deep solemn tones—"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit; and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling, they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan; and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and

under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day, the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack, shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons; but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh, and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness. How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower, in the public square, the bell tolls the

* Titles of Swedish popular Tales.

hour with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand,
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north, the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure: that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing-dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esaias Tegner, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By, in Wärmiland, in the year 1792. In 1799 he entered the university of Lund as a student; and, in 1812, was appointed professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is *Frithiofs Saga*, one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden—a prophet honoured in his own country; and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

³⁴ Page 228.—*The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

The Feast of the Tabernacles: in Swedish, *Lof-hyddo-högtiden*—the Leaf-hut's-high-tide.

³⁵ Page 229.—*The altar-piece painted by Hörberg*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

³⁶ Page 229.—*Of the sublime Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

³⁷ Page 245.—*Nils Juel.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish admiral; and Peder Wessel a vice-admiral, who, for his great prowess, received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder-shield*. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

³⁸ Page 269.—*Coplas de Manrique.*

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of this poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Ueles; and speaks of him as "a youth of inestimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame."

He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Canavete in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Cónde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Ueles; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocana. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and in accordance with it the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries upon it, have been published; not one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepenas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartago*. There is also a prose commentary by Luis de Arana.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket after his death on the field of battle:—

" O World ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed. ;

" Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

" Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

" Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

39 Page 297.— *Waller von der Vogelweid.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen, in that poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the " War of Wartburg."

40 Page 319.— *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the corn fields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."



